

THE PINKERTON

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The Pinkerton Critic

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DERRY VILLAGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

○ Pinkerton, We Hail Thee.

Charles L. Merriam.

1. O Pin-ker-ton, we hail thee, Fac-ing the east-ern light; We'll strive for thee and
 2. O Pin-ker-ton, thy beau-ty Rests not in out-ward arts; But in the cher-ished
 3. O Pin-ker-ton, our heart's shrine Shelters the red and the white; Pledge we to lift thine
 4. O Pin-ker-ton, we'll cherish—Thy blessed name al - way; Ne'er shall thy glo-ry

Cho.—O Pin-ker-ton, we hail thee, Fac-ing the east-ern light; We'll strive for thee and

FINE.

praise thee—For the red and for the white. Fair is the sky a - bove thee, High are the
 du - ty Of loy-al, faith-ful hearts. Now we will lift thy standard, Forth to the
 en - sign For truth and for the right. May nothing base and bane-ful Dark-en its
 per - ish, Hail Pin - ker-ton for aye! Forth from thy halls we wander, Forth in-to

praise thee—For the red and for the white.

D.C.

cir-cling hills; . Love - ly the valleys 'neath thee Joy-ous with murm'ring rills.
 com-bat go; . . Firm hearted, pressing for-ward Conquering ev - ery foe.
 ra - diant hem; . May no dis-hon-or shame-ful Stain its fair name to men.
 toil and strife; . Thy lessons wise we'll pon - der Thy counsels gird our life.

Editorials

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The importance of extra-curricular activities in high school is often over or under-rated by students. Those who excel in athletics, for example, often feel that this is all-important and that studies are incidental. On the other hand, those less fortunately endowed with muscles, talent, or the qualities of leadership are apt to take the attitude that such things are silly and useless and that the only reason for coming to school is to study or possibly because of parental insistence.

However a good citizen tries to take part in the activities of his school while maintaining a reasonable scholastic average. Of course many of these activities incur duties that may not always be absorbing but very few things are all joy and sunshine. And someone has to do the dirty work. Each member of the class should do his share.

Besides this slight moral obligation and the fun to be had, there are several very practical reasons for taking part in outside activities. To begin with, almost any college entrance application and especially when a scholarship is involved, will ask not only for your scholastic achievement, but also the part you have taken in school activities. A good balance between the two is of prime importance to the applicant.

Even for those who don't intend to go to college, there is always the time-proven fact that school activities are an excellent means of gaining popularity, poise and the social graces. They help to build a better balanced, well-rounded personality and character.

The Editor

A SENIOR LOOKS BACK

Beneath the hard exterior of disdain, more than one senior is wishing he could start high school over again as a freshman. While in grammar school and even through high school, we have viewed people with horrified looks when they told us that we were enjoying the happiest years of our lives.

It is too bad that we did not take advantage of our good fortune and enjoy every day as if there would never be another one like it. (And actually there wasn't.) I, for one, would give practically anything to relive my years at the Academy. It would be interesting to reenter Pinkerton as a Freshman knowing all the things I know now.

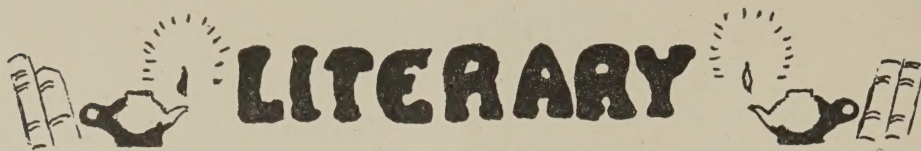
True, all the memories that Pinkerton has enfolded into her ageless book of experience have not been pleasant ones, and yet, even the unpleasant incidents would not be put aside if we were to start over.

Our psychology course states that we do not remember those things we wish to forget and I honestly cannot remember anything that proved to be so distasteful to me that I failed to survive until the next day.

We have learned to hide broken hearts, disappointments, sorrows, gladness, and joyfulness under a surface of hardness. There is something missing. Nothing tangible.....but still that something.

If we could only treat our days at Pinkerton like a humorous movie—see it once and get acquainted with it, then see the movie again to fully appreciate it and enjoy it to the utmost.

Virginia Verge '49



HEROINES

(Second in a series of literary comments by an outstanding critic.)

Almost all of us read novels, good novels, bad novels, modern novels, historical novels, dull novels, spicy novels; they all differ, at least slightly, from each other, but all have one thing in common—heroines. (Heroes, too, of course, but that's another thing entirely.)

Each heroine is different from all others. This is a prime requisite. But they, too, have something in common—they're all beautiful. Or maybe they're homely, but in this case they lose weight, wash their faces, shed their glasses, change their hairdo or get some new clothes which immediately changes them into a raving beauty. You never find a common, ordinary plain looking heroine. This would never do. The hero wouldn't give a second look at a plain Jane. Sometimes an author, seeking originality, has a heroine who isn't really beautiful at all. But she's so striking that every man in the country follows her around, like a sick sheep-dog.

Every heroine has beautiful hair, of course. It's either platinum or golden blonde, coal black, fiery red, or strawberry (which is not carrotty). Never the shade of light brown that 75% of our population is blessed with. Blonde or red hair is usually curly, while dark hair tends to be sleek. "Smooth as a raven's wing" is a popular description. It's always beautifully coiffured or a "riot of untamed curls." It could never, never be stringy, lank or lifeless.

Red hair wasn't used much before because it was so associated with bad temper, but now both red hair and bad tempers are in vogue. A heroine—particularly in a historical novel—can have the disposition of an untamed shrew but the hero, instead of being repulsed by it, is captivated. He usually has a temper equally fiery and when she sees that she's met her match, she marries him. What a happy home life they must have. After a month of living with each other's temper I shouldn't think they'd have an unbroken window, lamp or dish in the house.

Have you ever heard of a heroine with pale blue eyes? No! And why not? Because there's no such thing. Her eyes must be bright blue, dark brown, black, violet and green. Or occasionally hazel flecked with gold. That should be interesting. A spotted eyeball.

Her figure is always perfect—slim of waist, full of bosom, well-turned of ankle. Never fat or skinny with legs like beer kegs or pipe cleaners. All you need to do is look at the dust jackets on any historical novel and you'll see what I mean. Girls in those days must have had rugged constitutions or they all would have died of exposure from wearing those low-cut gowns.

Character, personality and moral integrity are of little or no importance. The heroine can be ill-tempered, shrewd, scheming, arrogant, self-centered, lazy or just plain dumb, but the poor stupid hero falls for her just the same. Heroes are pretty dumb themselves.

And the names! Glory, Kitty, Desire, Percy, Raphael, Sabina, Scarlett, Denise, Catina, Rouge, Salina, Cassandra, Hesper, Rebecca, and of course, Amber.

Finally we come to the descriptive phrases used to picture the heroine. Mad-cap, devil-may-care, unscrupulous, ruthless, daring, pampered pet, captivating, darling of society, reckless, dazzlingly, and so on ad infinitum.

Someday I'm going to write a novel. The heroine, named either Jane or Mary, will have a nice quiet disposition, an average intelligence, and a sense of humor. Her hair will be rather light brown. Her right eye will be pale blue and her left a washed out brown. Her eyes will be so weak she'll have to wear glasses all the time. Her face will be unremarkable and her figure rather lean. However just to give her a break, I'll let her have average looking legs. The hero, a perfectly ordinary man, will meet her, escort her around a while, fall in love after a few months and in about two years, they'll get married. They'll live a quiet and contented existence.

The only trouble is that I'll be broke and disillusioned because no one will read the book. They'll say it's too farfetched to be reasonable.

Helen Small '49

SPRING COMES

"I am old," he thought, squinting at the refreshing heralds of spring along the roadside. A jeep sounded its horn beside him, whizzed by, and bounced out of sight, throwing sprays of dust over the blooms and new-green grass. "So is the way of life," he thought. "If I were but young again amid all this beauty." Resignedly, he trudged on toward the city. His feet inside the dustcoated boots ached and added to his weariness. A marker around the next corner told him only three miles of walking remained before he reached his destination. Thank heaven, for he was at the point of collapse.

"They always say the last few miles are the longest." He lost his footing and his ankle turned when his foot slipped into a tire-made rut. This road was the worst yet, its wayside was as treacherous as the road itself. When he rested a moment under a handsome shade tree, his jacket tore on some underlying briars he hadn't noticed before, adding yet another frayed edge to his tattered appearance. "It didn't use to be this way," he thought, brushing the moisture shamefacedly from his eyes. He turned again toward the city. "Not much farther, I can make it." Surely he would find help ahead. He was so discouraged, everything seemed so futile. A song bird swept past, sending a few thrilling notes into a silence broken only by the scuff of boots. It reminded him of his childhood in the country—the bubbling brook he and Carl sailed their pinecone destroyers in, his favorite hiding place in the loft, and his cozy attic room which he hadn't appreciated at the time, as was youth's way. He had a fleeting glimpse of shelves cluttered with bird nests, and walls adorned with his feathered favorites.

He was here at last, the city lay before him. Rolf gazed at the rubble and ruin of what had once been Berlin, and sank to an improvised stone seat. Addressing a jonquil which was pushing its way up into someone's former living room, he said, "Spring has come and I am old. I will never be young again." Whereupon, the thirteen-year old promptly burst into tears.

Irene Muzzey '49

"FREE"

I saw an article in a magazine one day. It had the word "Free" in it, so I pricked up my ears.

"Train your horse the McTavish way. Less time—less money—more profits. Send immediately for our free book to J. J. McTavish, Mudhole, Kentucky."

I hadn't a horse, but that book might come in handy. Besides, if I left it lying around it might work as a hint. So, I made my decision! I'd send for it!! Being a woman of strong convictions, I was soon on my way to the Post-office (commonly called the Londonderry Pony Express). A blotted and wrinkled letter was clutched in my grimy little mit (I was ten years old). I may have been only ten, but smart! I had signed Father's name instead of mine, a Mr. looked far more impressive, and I was sure of getting my book that way. (Of course, the writing and lack of neatness wouldn't give me away.)

One week of impatient waiting passed. The second week passed and on Saturday Mr. F. M. Coburn got a package. I secretly patted myself on the back and told the postmaster I'd take it. But he refused, saying something about C. O. D. and Mr. Coburn in person. So I dragged my father impatiently back to the P. O.

I found out, I was supposed to pay the postmaster \$3.98 plus postage for the book on arrival. It must have been written in lemon juice, for I never saw it. I have yet to figure out where the "free" came in.

Father sent the book back and I learned something, although it wasn't on how to train my horse the J. J. & J. McTavish way. Patricia Coburn '49

A MEMORY THAT BURNS

People often talk about "memories that bless and burn," and to me they always seemed rather silly, until I was recalling one of my own childhood happenings. The one that always made my face burn was the time I took my two brothers to the movies in Nashua. At the time, I was only nine, Fred was seven, and John, four.

We started out for Nashua on the bus and after arriving at the bus station, we went directly to the movies to make sure we got good seats.

We sat way up in the last row, the lights went out, and the picture started. Before fifteen minutes had passed, I decided to change seats and to go down front. Taking my two brothers, down to the front we went. After getting seated, we finally settled down to enjoy the movie.

Suddenly—an usher came down the aisle. "Miss Frances Havens wanted at the Box Office." This was repeated twice more before I came to my senses and knew he meant me.

Again, I took my brothers and headed for the box office. There were the manager, the usher and—my little brother, John!! I thought I was losing my mind! How could I have two brothers by the name of John? Glancing from the little boy with the manager to the little boy with me, I felt a deep flush spreading over my face! I had taken someone else's little boy!!!

After much explaining, my own brother was returned to me and the other boy departed. The only comment made was when Fred said, "No wonder he didn't want to change seats!"

Frances Havens '49

A MINUTE

A minute, yes, wait a minute and read this essay. Wait a minute. Did anyone ask you to? How long did you wait? No doubt you have waited a good many minutes in your life and probably instead of being only one sixtieth of an hour that you waited, these minutes have often been nearer a quarter or half an hour. I have known minutes that have lasted for several hours while the poor individual who is waiting may be sitting in a cold car impatiently twiddling his thumbs and thinking of his friend in terms of words that Webster never put in his dictionary. When finally he returns, the individual is so glad to see him that he forgets his anger and his stored up vocabulary.

A friend may call, inviting you to go to church with him. "I'll be along in five minutes", he says. Five minutes elapse and you are patiently waiting at your front door. Ten minutes gone and you are impatiently waiting at the edge of the street. Fifteen minutes, and you see the car round the bend. A few minutes later you are quietly sneaking into the back pew of the church while the responsive reading is being read.

Or, did you ever see minutes slipping out the back door?

You've got twenty minutes in which to get ready for your meeting. That is plenty of time, you say. You get washed, take out your pin curls and comb your hair.

"Hurry up, you've only got five minutes," someone calls and you could about choke him because now you are hurrying as fast as you possibly can. Your dress is changed, then you hear the horn out front. You dash out the door, lipstick and powder in one hand, belt and earrings in the other, purse under one arm and your coat half on the other arm. You settle down in the car to finish dressing. Where did that time go?

"I thought I had twenty minutes to get ready in. My watch must have been slow." As you glance at it, you find that your friend was five minutes late anyway.

You probably have taken swimming lessons and the instructor asked you to hold your breath under water for a minute. In fifteen seconds you were up and everyone was laughing at you.

No doubt it took you more than a minute to read this essay, but I'm sure you've experienced longer ones.

Now, where do long minutes come from and where do short minutes go? That's up to you.

Priscilla Rand '49

SPLIT PERSONALITY

Directly across the street from us lives quite an interesting creature. He goes under the heading of dog but what a dog.

Perhaps you are wondering—is he the highly intelligent, Lassie type, with almost human characteristics, or is he a stupid mutt?

Your guess is as good as mine. I've never been able to quite decide and doubt if I ever will.

To elaborate on the subject let me point out a few cases.

He will stand in the road in the face of any danger and you'd swear he was the most stupid dog alive. Even trailer trucks and Boston and Maine buses can't move him if he isn't in the mood to do so.

A neighbor down the street used to own a motorcycle but got rid of it after several months. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if the harrowing experience of practically running up telephone poles to avoid this so-called dog was too much of a strain on my neighbor's nerves.

If the dog happens to be lying down and is not close enough to his house, no amount of calling can convince him to move.

On the other hand if he happens to be in a position where he knows you can back up a command with more direct measures, he quickly obeys you in a most polite manner.

When he is close at hand, he seems to understand just about anything a dog could be expected to understand in half the time.

Whenever I happen to decide to go hunting and he is out doors, he promptly proceeds to follow.

From past experience I have learned that he is the last thing in the world you would want along when hunting. But no amount of shouting or more persuasive tactics can get him to go back. Since I can't very well take him back to his own house, the only alternative is to use ours. The minute I turn around to head for the house, he beats it to the door in double time or if he spies me coming out the door, he will again run for the door to be let in.

A dog like this is just too much for me to figure out. Perhaps he's just a poor, misunderstood genius.

TURN ABOUT FACE

Several days ago I wrote a few words condemning a highly intelligent dog across the street.

Yes, that's right, I take back all I ever said that was not complimentary to him.

It isn't that he has done anything to put himself in a different light. I have simply changed my mind. When it comes to dogs, I feel that none can compare with him.

It is very queer, the way you can say something one day and think you really mean it and then completely turn and wonder why you ever said it.

Just what the psychology behind this is I don't know but I suppose it can be explained and probably happens to everyone. I wonder when this dog's birthday is. I think it is my duty to buy him a present. After all, he surely is a nice dog and it would be the only thing to do after all I said about him.

While I'm at it, I think I should go over and apologize to his owner. They probably would feel hurt if they ever found out such things were said about their wonderful pet.

Yes, that's just what I'll do.

I surely hope their new television set is working nicely.

Warner Stannard '49

WHEN LITTLE THOUGHTS GO WANDERING

"Come in and browse", states a big sign at the main entrance of the store. That's a good idea, I guess I will.

I saunter up to a counter, glance at the gloves indifferently and start toward the next counter, when I am faced by a startling sight, a gargantua if I ever saw one.

"May I help you, Madame?"

(My what big teeth you have, have you ever thought of willing them for research?)

"No thank you, I'm just looking."

(Say, are you eating a banana, or did your nose grow that way?)

"Well, if you want anything, dear, my number is 21."

(The only thing I want is to see what you really look like under that three inch quagmire you call lipstick. So, they even give you numbers? That must account for that hunted look, a number and four gray walls. Or should I say hunting look, I notice the men's department is next door.)

Wandering to the hat bar, I am again confronted by the typical department store glamour girls.

"Are you being helped, Miss?"

"I'm just looking, thank you." (Yes, I'm being helped,—helped to a case of schizophrenia.)

"Well, I'm Miss Burkless if you find anything."

(What, no number? Oh, I see, there are so many other psychos in this ward they ran out of numbers.)

"Now just browse around all you want. Come in and browse is our motto, you know."

(Browse, frowse, cowse, lowse, why can't you leave me alone!)

"Yes, that's a lovely blouse you're looking at. It's the same as I have on."

(Yes, too bad they didn't have your size.)

Thus, after wandering from department to department, I finally find a scarf I like—I stand around, holding the scarf, waiting for one of the clerks to say with her usual originality, "May, I help you?"—Silence—five minutes tick by.

"Say, Moitle, he called me up last night." ya-ta-ta-ya-ta-ta, garnished with several twitters and many giggles.

Well, I'll go away and come back later, and yet, it may have been sold by the time I come back.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, will you please take this?"

"Give it to Miss Saunderson, please," and she swishes off down the aisle.

Now, that was a gem of information, a Miss Saunderson, hmmm, not her, well, maybe it's this one.

"Pardon me, will you take this scarf, please?"

"Give that purchase to Miss Saunderson, please."

"Where is Miss Saunderson?"

"Oh, she's out to lunch, she should be back in an hour or so."

"HOW TO ACHIEVE NERVOUS TENSION"

Unless you happen to be the Joneses, you ought to do some serious thinking about keeping up with them. Following the example of people named Jones is a social must nowadays. Let's have a look at the typical Jones family. Mr. Jones has a superiority complex; Mrs. Jones has St. Vitus dance; Jones Jr. is a chronic alcoholic. This means if you want to be somebody who is somebody, you have to have nervous tension.

Here's how you do it: First, dig up some incident from your childhood that you might be ashamed of, like the time you poured salt in the sugar bowl, or told your kindergarten teacher she was a moth-eaten old fuddy-dud. These incidents you most likely have repressed and that is why you are not a success today.

Now the next step is to find fault with everything. If your teacher gives you a passing mark, you're not worth it. If you don't pass, teachers are a lot of black-hearted blackguards. If your folks don't give you more spending money, they're tightwads; if they give you more, they're spendthrifts.

Next, keep yourself from falling asleep. Toss and turn. If you find yourself dropping off, then try the old oriental trick of talking to your toes. First, relax them completely and then yell in a harsh voice (which wakes up the whole family) "Curl, curl up, you little idiots!" Curl your toes tightly and keep them curled until it hurts. Then repeat the exercise on your fingers.

Another important thing to do is worry. Worry like the dickens. Imagine you don't know where your next penny is coming from. You ought to be concerned about your health too. Leprosy strikes without warning, you know. That's it. Frown your forehead full of wrinkles. Does your sweetheart really love you? Don't eat too much. Don't eat too little. War is inevitable, isn't it? In short, worry like the dickens.

Another big help is to get yourself an obsession. There are lots of them to choose from. We have complexes, inferiority, persecution, ad infinitum. If you want to do this job up brown, however, you'll want some unusual fixed idea. You might go through the telephone book, pick out a name at random, and decide that person with that name is out to murder you. You could hate your ex-sweetheart with a passion, or be deathly afraid of riding in taxis, or you could insist your mother put library paste in your potatoes.

In short, there are many ways to obtain an obsession to help you get nervous tension, if you haven't already got it after reading this. If you've had the patience to read this all the way through, you're not nearly fidgety enough, you still have a long way to go to achieve nervous tension.

Dorothy Allen '50

YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE

As spring approaches you very often hear the familiar words, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—or do they? I, being of the male sex, feel I am writing this with a certain amount of authority.

First there's baseball. When the snow is finally off the ground that baseball glove looks mighty tempting to a teen-age boy. To this, add the neighborhood games and the school team and the games and you have a great deal of his time taken up.

Next, there is the creative urge. This is one point which is probably more personal than universal, but to me, spring means getting out the tools and building something. It makes no difference what I build or whether or not I complete it, as long as I work on it a week to satisfy the urge and then I am safe from it for another year. Consequently, I have a very large collection of half completed projects.

Then last but not least (not least by any means) there are the usual homework and the final exams.

So, as I see it, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" it is for a very, very short time. Of course, there are exceptions, but as a general rule, if the girls don't get much attention during the rest of the year from the "Certain Male" or males, they won't likely receive any more during spring. So, girls, take that "spring gleam" out of your eyes, you don't stand a chance.

Robert Donegan '50

ON GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP

I firmly believe that I am the most unfortunate being in this terrible old world. I am very definitely tired and sleepy in the morning, but at night, I can't get to sleep.

In the evening, I invariably start off to bed early, but something always happens to keep me up until ten o'clock or after. When I finally get to bed, I start thinking of all the things that I should have done but didn't, and all the things I shouldn't have done, but did. After a few hours of this self-inflicted torture, I start planning my campaign for tomorrow.

When I do get to sleep, I dream of my math and English. School work is twice as hard in your dreams as it is in school.

Now comes the fun! At six-thirty I begin to sleep comfortably, but just as I get to the interesting part of my dream, I hear a tiny voice calling my name. Is it my conscience? Oh no!! If it were, I could stall it off until I finished the kiss I am working on, but it happens to be my mother. Parents! If they could only pick more tactful times to break up the fun.

My mother screams sweetly at me for a half hour or so, and then my father, whom I suspect of being a sound sleeper himself, comes in with threats of disaster, so I have to give up and get up.

The only part of the morning that I enjoy is the time for my brother to get up because then I am on the giving end. The trouble is, he always gets right up, so I don't get the chance to torture him very much. Cruel world!!

Alfred Marcotte '50

HENHOUSE CAPERS

Last spring, my sister was given four Bantam hens and a rooster for pets. Although they were hers, we all took an interest in them and soon we realized that the little birds were a constant source of pleasure and amusement. The most prominent was a rooster, which we immediately named Willie. Willie was indeed the most impudent one I have ever seen, and his cock-a-doodle-doo would ring convincingly under my window each morning. His hens would follow him everywhere, and if by chance, one did stray, his loud crow would soon call it back. How-

ever, in the house, Willie was a changed rooster. The hens bullied him unmercifully, and he seemed to lose all his authority. Whenever any food was put in the trough, the hens ate first, and Willie just had to wait.

After about three months, one of the hens began to set. For twenty-one days we waited with baited breath until finally the chickens were hatched. Only four of the eggs had hatched, but they all lived and soon the mother hen was proudly parading her brood in front of the house to be admired by all the family. Then to add to our excitement, two of the other hens began to set and we eagerly awaited for the new arrivals.

It was about this time, that the catastrophe occurred. Willie lost all his beautiful, long tail feathers! Nobody could understand it and he looked very forlorn standing out on the lawn with his one remaining hen. I consulted Mr. Alfred F. Conner, who is an authority on chickens. To my surprise, Mr. Conner looked at me in disgust and said that Willie was only moulting. We were all relieved but none of us felt any better until he regained his pride and joy. Sure enough, in a few weeks, the tail feathers grew out, even more resplendent and colorful than they had been before.

Within the next week, both the setting hens had their chickens. We didn't have such good luck with these and only a few lived. By now, the first brood of chickens had grown soft and cuddly, and from that to tall gangly, half-grown hens and roosters. Their very awkwardness made them more appealing.

One afternoon, we had given the kittens their dog food and milk outside the back door as usual, when all of a sudden we heard several anguished howls. Looking out the window, we saw to our horror that Willie and his hens had chased the kittens away and were busy devouring the food themselves. Once more, I took my problem to Mr. Conner who said that if donkeys could eat cigarettes, he guessed that chickens could eat dog food and drink milk. After that, we tried to train them not to chase the kittens away and it wasn't an uncommon sight to look out to see Willie and his hens and the kittens all eating from the same bowl.

At the moment, we have the distinction of being the only people in Sandown who raise Bantams. We had always led to believe that chickens were the most stupid birds in existence, but now we immediately flare up if anyone insults them.

Maybe they are a bit egotistical — but then, nobody is perfect.

Joan DeCourcy '50



Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Yawn-n! What a long, cold winter. I'm so glad I'm a bear and not a human being. Just think, I can sleep through the whole spell and not be bothered by long underwear and taxes. Ho, Hum! Wonder what's happened to the Senior Class while I've been sleeping. Let's see—I have three months of newspaper reading to catch up on.

Mmmm. Wish I could have seen the Senior program. From all reports it was one of the best presented. It says, "The students' appreciation of the 'Reenactment of the Nativity' proved they recognized its appropriateness." The committee responsible was Maurice MacDonald, Nyla Stowe, Irene Muzzey, and Leona Morrill.

This next paper tells about the highly successful class play, "The Brain Storm," a sequel to last year's production. Miss Abbott did her usual competent job of directing. The cast:

Willoughby Adams	Robert Cournoyer
Inner Willy	Raymond Cote
Chuck Martin	Maurice MacDonald
Johnny Newton	Edward Traver
Harvey Downs	Leonard Severance
Ralph Jones	Duncan Cameron
Coach Lloyd	Curtis Henderson
Hank Johnson	Ralph Boone
Sally Bishop	Patricia Butterfield
Aunt Louise	Helen Small
Aunt Olga	Leona Morrill
Aunt Hester	Joyce Shepard
Marybelle Turner	Frances Havens
Lottie	Elaine Rand
Marion	Barbara Gardiner
Anna	Betty Lou Scroggins
Kay	Carlene Caldwell
Dorothy	Nyla Stowe
The business was carried on by -	
Business Manager	Robert Thomas
Stage and Property Manager	Charles Bailey
Ticket Manager	Ernest Keith

What's this? The Senior girls didn't do too well in interclass basketball due to a mixup in players. They were even leaderless at first, for their captain, Irene Muzzey, was ill. Then Joanne Doherty and Leona Morrill took over the reins as co-captains and things went along more smoothly.

It says here, quote: "Orchids to the undefeated girls' basketball team." The Seniors contributed a number of good players — Camille Madden, captain, Barbara Kingsbury, Judy Gibbs, and Kit Pelletier. Frances Havens was manager.

The boys elected co-captains for interclass basketball, too. Curt Henderson and Bumpy Bartlett shared the honor.

I'm proud that the Senior class was able to provide the nucleus for the varsity basketball squad. Fighting for Pinkerton all the way were co-captains Ray Caron and Speed Hodgdon, Bill Hepworth, Cappy Tyler, Bob Cournoyer, and Jim Dougan. Curt Henderson was manager.

There must be a society section in here somewhere. Ah, here it is on the back page. "Big game hunter, Al Garvin has finally trapped himself a girl friend. He was out hunting Freshman girls and got himself caught in a 'Barb' wirefence."

Also, Leona Morrill was chosen as DAR candidate to represent Pinkerton. She was named second alternative in the Good Citizenship contest.

I think that's all the news for now. I'll look over the rest of the papers at some later date.

Irene Muzzey '49

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Junior Bear has just awakened from his long winter's sleep. Switching on the radio, he tunes in on station W. P. A. to hear all the news.

"Hi everybody, this is your School Reporter bringing you the latest doings of the Junior class.

The headline topic today is the Junior Prom. Nearly everybody was amazed at the wonderful job the decorating committee, headed by Bill Hessenius, did in transforming the chapel. Gay red and white streamers and huge red hearts turned it into a dreamy ballroom. Bert Colter and his orchestra provided the finishing touch with all the latest fox trots and waltzes. Dick Kumin was in charge of the orchestra committee.

During intermission chairman John Joyce and the refreshment committee saw that everyone had delicious punch and cake. The cakes were made by the Junior girls, so no wonder everyone was clamoring for seconds.

Phyllis Pelletier and her committee had the job of publicizing the Prom. Phyllis didn't have any trouble getting to the dance because a certain Edgar Caldwell (well) for her. He was also in charge of the invitations committee.

Several days after the Prom, the decorations were taken down by the clean up crew under the able direction of Howard Evans. I hear that Howard was tired from his trip to Manchester after the Prom.

And now, the basketball notes. Jackie Hepworth is the assistant manager of the girls' varsity team. The Juniors also contributed two star guards to the varsity squad. Vice president Betty Chadwick plays forward. Eileen Clark is on the sub-varsity. Betty Rand is captain of the interclass basketball team. Betty was like a "Ray" of sunshine on the night of the Prom, because she had her new spring coat for the dance. Marion Clement is manager for the interclass team.

Walter Novak was chosen assistant manager for the boys' varsity team. Edward Gallien and Harry Piper both play guard on the varsity.

The Junior boys have been outstanding in interclass basketball with Bob Dumont as captain.

And now a word from our sponsor — Are you anemic? Rundown? Do you have strange sensations in your stomach along about noon time? Then battle your way up to the lab where Mr. Rohanick's Science Club Soup Slingers will serve you a one course meal which is guaranteed to leave you refreshed, with new pep, vigor, and probably some of the newest vitamins. Try this remarkable treatment today. Now back to your school reporter.

The Juniors are proud to have four honor roll students this term. Dorothy Dexter, Robert Donnegan, and Phyllis Pelletier received honorable mention, while Marian Clement walked off with highest honors.

Here are the social notes. The Juniors were glad to see Fred Bunker back after his long stay in the hospital. Mary Lou isn't quite "Hep" to what's going on, but she's "Buddy" (ing) around with one of the seniors. Dorrie won't ad (M. I. T.) her liking for a certain person.

That's all for this week everybody — and remember to try our new soup treatment for vim, vigor - - -".

Junior Bear turns off the radio and shuffles back to his cave, where he settles down for another three months' nap.

Joan DeCourcy '50

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

As Brother Bear lifts his head and listens, he hears a bird singing. "A sparrow," he cries out. Then he slowly crawls from his winter home, realizing that spring has arrived.

"Hello, Brother Bear," chirps the sparrow. "I've just come from the sophomore room at Pinkerton, where I picked up some news. Want to hear it while I rest a while?"

They say basketball has been the most popular sport. Two boys were on the sub varsity, Donald Ball and Robert Chase. Curtis Johnson, Franklin Jenkins, William Putnam, Donald Ball (captain) and Robert Chase (co-captain) played on the junior varsity.

Three girls made the sub varsity—Jean Spaulding, Marilyn Kumin, and Claire Marquis.

The girls' interclass basketball team won second place with Ann Barnard as captain and Lucille Noddin as manager.

The honor roll proudly bears the name of three of our class — Robert Chase, Jean Dubeau and Theodore Lemire with honors. Honorable mention went to Betty Richardson.

"I must be flying along, Brother Bear. See you later."

Lucille Noddin '51



FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES (THE POETIC BEAR)

"Well, I guess it's time to waken
From a long and peaceful nap,
Soon the frogs will all be croaking
And the maples running sap."

I wonder what's been going on! What's this on the back steps? Why, it's a freshman class bulletin from Pinkerton.

I wonder if Cousin Bear has seen this? He must be awake by this time with this lovely spring weather.

It says here in the headlines that the Freshmen girls were undefeated in interclass basketball and won the trophy. It's the first time the freshmen have won this honor as far back as the faculty can remember. I understand Ernestine Kachavos was captain and Joyce Monkley was manager.

Oh, yes, here's what I've been looking for—the Freshman class officers. The last I knew they just had temporary officers. Evidently they've elected permanent ones: Dick Spaulding, president; Bob Rand, treasurer; Jean Clark, vice president; Ann Tsetsilas, secretary, and Janice Rand and Arnold Buckley, student council members.

Here's another Freshman notice. Louise Caldwell has finished the lovely green and gold class banner that she has been making in Home Economics.

I guess I missed this back on the front page. It's the girls varsity basketball squad. Five Freshman girls are on sub-varsity, Ruth Bunker, Joann Dougan, Ernestine Kachavos, Carol Hodgdon and Charlotte Noddin.

"Even though my bones are creaking
And my joints are stiff and weak,
I must take a little journey
To find a bite to eat."

Charlotte Noddin '52





Boys' Athletic Notes

The excitement of an undefeated football season had hardly died down, when Coach McKernan gave the call for basketball practice. Within a week he had a squad of ten varsity men, including four lettermen, ready to defend Pinkerton's Class B crown.

Led by Co-Captains, James Hodgdon and Raymond Caron, the boys went to work and over the season racked up an impressive record of thirteen wins and four losses.

The scores are as follows:

P. A.	80	Sanborn Seminary	18
P. A.	73	Townsend, Mass.	53
P. A.	33	Lawrence Central	28
P. A.	56	Auburn, Mass.	30
P. A.	50	Alumni	26
P. A.	39	Spaulding	37
P. A.	75	Peterborough	33
P. A.	45	Exeter	34
P. A.	41	Punchard	43
P. A.	67	Townsend	45
P. A.	66	Sanborn Seminary	14
P. A.	46	St. Johns	47 (overtime)
P. A.	46	Punchard	59
P. A.	62	Peterborough	41
P. A.	39	St. Johns	41
P. A.	48	Exeter	47
P. A.	43	Lawrence Central	28

Pinkerton scored 917 point as against their opponents' 624 points. Pinkerton scored on an average of 53.9 points per game; opponents, 36.7 points.

PINKERTON ACADEMY CAPTURES 3rd CONSECUTIVE CLASS B CHAMPIONSHIP

After completing a highly successful season in Class B with a record of ten and two, Pinkerton Academy was extended its third straight invitation to the New Hampshire Interscholastic Tournament at Durham.

With Bill Hepworth taking scoring honors with 18 points, Pinkerton defeated Kennett of North Conway, by a score of 50-29 in the first game, February 23. This game was played without the service of Co-Captain James Hodgdon, who was sick during the entire tournament. The boys played all the games a little harder to gain the extra push they needed to make up for Speed's absence.

Thursday, Pinkerton defeated Groveton for its second tourney run, 69-45. Again, Bill Hepworth was high scorer with 20 points, closely followed by Bob Cournoyer with 18.

A strong Bristol team was Pinkerton's next opponent. With Co-Captain Ray Caron hitting the nets for 18 points and Hepworth, 11 points, Pinkerton advanced to the finals by winning 44 to 32.

Saturday night, February 26, came with the team ready to protect the Class B crown. A powerful Hillsborough team that, like Pinkerton, had rolled past three opponents, was out to capture the title.

They lost little time getting rolling. It was a bewildered Pinkerton team and worried fans that saw Hillsborough pile up a 10-0 lead at the end of the first quarter. The fighting Red and White from Derry were not to be outdone and came back in the second period with a barrage of points to Hillsborough's four. The score at the half P. A. 10, Hillsborough 14.

But Hillsborough's lead was shortlived, and as the smoke cleared at the end of the game, Pinkerton had won its 3rd straight championship, 35-31. Ray Caron and Bill Hepworth were honored by being named on the all-tournament team. They scored eight points apiece for high scorers.

Thus Pinkerton became the second team in tournament history and the first in 17 years to win the title 3 years in a row.

This feat is indeed a tribute to the coaching of Mr. McKernan and the athletes of Pinkerton Academy.

Maurice MacDonald '49

Girls' Athletic Notes

After the Thanksgiving holidays, the girls' basketball season started. Many tried out for a place on the team. A few days later, the regular squad, consisting of sixteen girls, commenced practice. Miss Lorraine Kraff coached the team.

Camille Madden was chosen Captain of the varsity. Frances Havens was manager with Jackie Hepworth as her assistant.

The following girls were on the team:

Varsity

Camille Madden
Judy Gibbs
Barbara Kingsbury
Dolores Pelletier
Betty Chadwick

Gladys Carter
Mary Lou Hodgdon
Marilyn Kumin
Jean Spaulding
Ruth Bunker

Sub-varsity

Eileen Clark
Claire Marquis
Joann Dougan

Carol Hodgdon
Ernestine Kachavos
Charlotte Noddin

The girls had an undefeated season. The scores were as follows:

Pinkerton	35	Townsend	35
Pinkerton	18	Alumnae	10
Pinkerton	35	St. Joseph	31
Pinkerton	33	Townsend	30
Pinkerton	31	Sanborn Seminary	15
Pinkerton	43	St. Joseph	33
Pinkerton	38	Sanborn Seminary	31

Under the supervision of Miss Kraff, interclass games were held. The Freshman girls won the interclass cup.

Captains and Managers were elected for each class:

Seniors	Leona Morrill and Joanne Doherty
Junior	Betty Rand
Sophomores	Ann Barnard
Freshmen	Ernestine Kachavos
Managers:	
Seniors	Jeannine Peterson
Juniors	Marian Clement
Sophomores	Lucille Noddin
Freshmen	Joyce Monkley

The following girls have earned their first letters:

Marjorie Chase	Priscilla Rand
Joanne Doherty	Helen Small
Frances Havens	Marilyn Kumin

Jean Spaulding

The cheerleaders really got to work this year and made new uniforms, which everyone said looked nice. Under the leadership of Elaine Rand, the energetic head cheerleader, the girls worked out some new cheers. Pat Butterfield deserves a lot of credit for training six new cheerleaders at the beginning of the football season. The cheering squad consists of the following girls:

	Elaine Rand	
Patricia Butterfield		Betty Chadwick
Barbara Gardiner		Dorothy Jodoin
Judy Gibbs		Virginia Pillsbury
Camille Madden		Lorraine Goyette
Substitutes:		
Agnes Piper		Jean Spaulding

Joann Dougan

Camille Madden '49

Alumni Notes

Engagements

Doris L. Eaton '49 to Milton A. Doubleday, Jr.
Pauline E. Shepard '42 to Gordon L. Sherman

Marriages

Corrine F. Cote '48 to Paul E. Therrien
Pauline M. Woodbury Y 3/c '41 to William J. Cherret, Jr.
Shirley G. Gross '44 to Saul J. Darling
Gloria Gallien '45 to Ralph W. Floyd '46
Lt. Evelyn Chadwick '40 to Capt. Frederick A. Helig
Gladys Gray '29 to William R. Downing
Dorothy M. Young '46 to Leroy G. Scott '48

Births

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Harland Brown (Winifred Low)

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dubeau '42

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Low '45

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William Atwood (Althea Sweet '37)

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ivah A. Hackler

Necrology

Dr. Ernest L. Silver, principal of Pinkerton Academy 1909-1911, also President of Plymouth Teachers' College for 35 years.

Mrs. Ethel E. Hunter, graduate of the class of 1890.

Interesting Items

The Molly Reid Chapter, DAR, announced that Leona Morrill '49 has been chosen for the DAR Citizenship Pilgrimage candidate to represent the chapter and Pinkerton Academy.

Bill Levandowski '46 is a member of the University of New Hampshire basketball squad.

Conrad Fontaine '42 was a candidate for a baccalaureate degree at Syracuse University's 90th commencement on January 30.

Capt. Leonard F. Gonye '38 who has been serving as tactical inspector of the 5001st Wing Air Inspector's office at Ladd Air Force Base, Alaska, has undertaken a new assignment as tactical inspector at the Air Defense Command's First Air Force Headquarters, Fort Slocum, New Rochelle, New York.

In the Eastern Intercollegiate poultry judging contest at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J., Courtney Allen '45 placed second in individual competition among team members.

Glenn MacDonald '49 state president of the Baptist Youth Fellowship presided over the all-day annual state convention in Franklin, N. H.

Warren F. Pillsbury '48 participated in the University of New Hampshire's annual Christmas concert. He is a member of the Men's Glee Club.

T. Sgt. Stanley Kuligowski '41 administrative specialist, was recently transferred from Rapid City Air Force Base, South Dakota, and assigned to the Inspector General's section at Headquarters of the 15th Air Force in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

A box of Christmas cards was received at White River Junction Veterans' Hospital with instructions that every patient receive one. Each card was personally signed "From a fellow vet, Burton P. Clement" '46.

John Uicker, '27, now a professor of engineering at the University of Detroit, is in the current edition of Who's Who in America.

Ruth Bagley '39, the first nurse in the state to qualify for the Army Nurse Corps Reserve was sworn in by Kate Smith on her coast-to-coast Mutual network broadcast.

ACTIVITIES

This year has been a very busy one at the Academy as new clubs have been formed. Proof of the ability of the students to carry on meetings and to raise funds is indicated by the following:

Glee Clubs

Faculty Adviser—Eunice Fitton

Girls'

Pres.: Nyla Stowe
V. Pres.: Leona Morrill
Sec.: Jean Whitcomb
Librarian: Lois Chase

Boys'

Pres.: Henry Therriault
V. Pres.: Albert Gallien
Sec.: Theodore Lemire
Librarian: Walter Novak

The combined Glee Clubs have presented two concerts for the student body.

Science Club

Faculty Adviser — Thomas Rohanick

Pres.: Stanley Shooka

V. Pres.: Richard Kumin

Sec-Treas.: William Hessinius

The Science Club has been the most active group through its various activities. It sponsored a social February 4, the proceeds of which were used to purchase records for the school. The club installed a public address system for chapel. They are also selling hot soup during lunch period at ten cents per bowl.

Letterwomen's Association—Faculty Adviser—Lorraine Kraff

Pres.: Judy Gibbs

Sec.: Leona Morrill

V. Pres.: Camille Madden

Treas.: Carlene Caldwell

Camera Club—Faculty Adviser—Donald Peterson

Pres.: Ernest Keith

Sec.: Priscilla Rand

V. Pres.: Nyla Stowe

Treas.: Duncan Cameron

The members of this organization are building a dark room at the Haynes House. To raise funds, the chief photographers, Ernest Keith and Glenn MacDonald, photographed couples at the Junior Prom.

Student Council

Pres.: James Hodgdon

V. Pres.: John Bartlett

Sec-Treas.: Barbara Hall

F. F. A.—Faculty Adviser—Alfred Conner

Pres.: David Gates

Sec.: William Bergen

V. Pres.: Carl Weston

Treas.: Lewis O'Brien

Reporter: Roland Caron

CROW NOTES

The Crow finally came out of hibernation in time to attend the Junior Prom and was amazed at the changes that had taken place. We found out that "Buddy" had a "Lulu" of a time reading the Saturday morning paper at two-thirty in the morning in a Boston restaurant.

We overheard that Ruthie and Gratton had a little disagreement. We hope everything has turned out all right and that Gratton won't ever get mad and see "Red" again.

We understand that two cheerleaders widened their acquaintances during the recent tournament. Maybe Dottie and Cammie would be willing to share the addresses.

With the weather changing, so is Evans—Who is it now?

It seems that one of the bashful Senior boys has been "Buzz"ing around in East Derry on his "Doodle-bug". Maybe a blonde Freshman could give us the details.

We overheard Ann telling "Coach Caron" that she would go out with him after March 25th. Maybe Merrill could explain what happens on that day.

We wonder what "Onie" finds so attractive at the Ideal Grille. Could it be the food?

We always try to be conservative, so we've decided to move Chester nearer Derry, so that Betty Lou's "(Wy)man" wouldn't be wasting so much gas!

We have always taken pride in the speed of the Crow, but Cournoyer beats us. He wasted no time in getting acquainted with the new Sophomore from West Windham.

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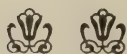
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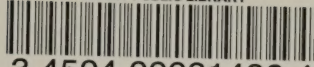
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